

WINDING UP HER FIFTH CENTURY. FOR KISSING A DOG.



Mrs. Jane C. Yatman.

She is riding 700 miles in 84 hours on a bicycle. She is five hours ahead of her schedule and says she feels splendid.

Mrs. Yatman Five Hours Ahead of Schedule and May Finish Her Seven Hundred Miles Early This Afternoon.

MRS. YATMAN SAYS SHE IS FEELING FINE AND AWAY AHEAD OF TIME.

I am feeling fine. The roads are in excellent condition, except for the dust, and the weather has favored me. I get a breeze in my face on but one leg of the triangle, and the temperature just suits me. My ankles and wrists have given me no pain yet, and I am tired only of sitting so long in the saddle. I suffered from neuralgia in one of my teeth yesterday, and the crescent teeth gave me a burning mouth, but that is all over now. My lungs are in sound condition. I have had only an hour's sleep, which was from 1:15 to 2:15 this morning. I have not yet felt the effect of loss of sleep. I eat no solid food. Beef extract, chicken broth, raw eggs and milk, with an occasional cup of coffee, is my diet. I am away ahead of my schedule, and I think I shall have no trouble in making seven hundred miles in eighty-four hours, which is the task I have mapped out for myself.—MRS. JANE C. YATMAN, the century rider, at the end of her 415th mile at 3:52 p. m. yesterday.

As you read this paper, if you are reading at 7 or 8 o'clock breakfast, Mrs. Jane C. Yatman is reading off about her five hundred and seventy-fifth mile on a bicycle, which she mounted seventy-two hours before.

All last night while you slept, a trail of dust was following her tire on the Long Island roads that run between Valley Stream and Hempstead; and the crescent teeth gave me a burning mouth, but that is all over now. My lungs are in sound condition. I have had only an hour's sleep, which was from 1:15 to 2:15 this morning. I have not yet felt the effect of loss of sleep. I eat no solid food. Beef extract, chicken broth, raw eggs and milk, with an occasional cup of coffee, is my diet. I am away ahead of my schedule, and I think I shall have no trouble in making seven hundred miles in eighty-four hours, which is the task I have mapped out for myself.—MRS. JANE C. YATMAN, the century rider, at the end of her 415th mile at 3:52 p. m. yesterday.

She seeks to ride seven hundred miles in eighty-four hours. For the last twenty-four hours Mrs. Yatman has been riding five hours ahead of schedule time, and there seems little doubt that she will accomplish the miracle.

Mrs. Yatman's record is kept at Tom West's Hotel, on the Merrick road, three-quarters of a mile from the Valley Stream station.

The triangular course over which she is making her effort is twenty miles long, approximately. Coming from Lynbrook to Freeport, Mrs. Yatman rides seven-eighths of a mile beyond West's and comes back, in order to ride the mile and three-quarters which the triangle lacks of being twenty miles.

At the end of each twenty miles she dismounts for five or ten minutes, and in the presence of members of the Century Club, the mileage and time are recorded on a blank furnished by the Century riders.

This Was Her First Sleep.

At 2:35 a. m. yesterday, the cyclist had completed her third century. She had taken no sleep, and had rested at the road house only long enough to drink a glass of seltzer, or a cup of coffee, or to eat a bowl of broth.

At that time she determined to sleep. "I shall rest three-quarters of an hour," she said to Miss Nellie Benson, the tandem rider, who had been pacing and otherwise assisting her.

Mrs. Yatman's friends held a conference after she had retired, and decided to add a quarter of an hour to the sleep allowance. When awakened Mrs. Yatman looked at her watch. She was angry.

"I don't want this to happen again," she said. "I'm doing this."

She took a cup of coffee and was away again in the silvery light of the full moon, which has shown auspiciously upon her undertaking.

At the night and the day advanced the wonderful woman grew stronger. The day was bright and bracing, and she gave her paces, Century Ludlum, plenty of work.

She kept up an excellent pace all yesterday. At 2:15 p. m. she had completed her fourth century, lacking five miles. She dismounted and took a glass of milk and two raw eggs. After a short rest she wheeled away upon the triangle again.

Photographed for the Journal.

At 3:45 the Journal photographer struck the camera tripod in the middle of the way. Far down the Merrick road was a

OFFICER KISSED THEM AND BABIES. HE DID NOT RESIST.

Nurses Hobsonize a Policeman Who Rescued Them and Babies.

HE DID NOT RESIST.

Mad Dog Episode Near Central Park Has Pleasant Ending.

A dog who thought he was mad, but who perhaps was merely laboring under a few delusions, made a large amount of trouble for himself and others at the Seventh Avenue entrance to Central Park yesterday afternoon.

As far as madness was concerned he was thoroughly orthodox. There was the regulation foam upon his face, the weird glare in his eyes called for by the rules, and he was uttering the short, sharp barks that go with all properly equipped mad dogs.

The only point about him to excite suspicion as to his genuineness was the lateness of the season and the coolness of the weather. However, the incongruity of this never occurred to a flock of panic-stricken nurse girls, all with well-filled baby carriages, who were lounging about admiring the policeman.

"Wow! Wow!" observed the dog, as he dashed into a bunch of them. They scattered, screaming. Some deserted their babies and swarmed up sycamore trees.

A girl named Mollie Murphy, who afterward said she worked for a Seventh Avenue family of prominence, which she would not name, lifted her baby from its carriage and, putting the vehicle between herself and the animal, called loudly for assistance.

The dog seized one of the wheels of the carriage and began to chew upon it, thinking in its insanity that it had something at last that was alive. Twenty nurse girls yelled their loudest, and its many babies raised a frantic chorus.

The dog was still eating the wheel with more satisfaction when Policeman John Meares, who says he is one of the best shots on the force, arrived upon the scene. Meares has a curly brown mustache, broad shoulders and a very amount of courage.

The nursemaids in the sycamore trees sighed sentimentally as they saw their nonchalant preserver calmly dive for his pocket and produce his revolver.

With an expression on his face that plainly said, "I do this every morning before breakfast and have done it for years," he fired.

The report of the pistol brought a scream from each of the twenty nurses. One was so frightened that she fell out of her sycamore tree.

The municipal bullet, discharged at nine feet range, struck the dog, who was two feet to the left of the mad dog, who continued his wooden meal.

A New York policeman who makes a mess of the first time is seldom surprised. Meares wasn't. He cocked the pistol again, walked a few feet nearer and once more blazed away. Another hole in the dog's side was the result of this time. Again the girls screamed. All the marksman had brought down was another girl from her tree, and she fell with a loud thud, being hit.

The bluecoat carefully examined the trigger as if to convey the impression that it was a pistol like this, and shot once more. The mad dog snarled, for the bullet hadn't passed within eight feet of him.

This made the policeman angry. Some of the girls began to giggle, and he said in a low voice: "I want to get twenty before Christmas."

Four of the girls who had read about Hobson's unrelenting policeman in their own cuttings and other newspapers, like "My preserver," and other exclamations appropriate to such occasions as they remembered occurring in the literature they read.

"That's the fifteenth mad dog I've killed this year," said the policeman, "and I'm on my way home. I want to get twenty before Christmas."

BRING OUT KLONDIKE GOLD.

One Hundred Adventurers with 1,000 Pounds of It Reach Vancouver.

Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 18.—The steamer Alpha has arrived here with 100 passengers, many of whom left Dawson on September 5, on the steamer Sibyl, on which were 1,000 pounds of gold.

Among the passengers were ninety-two members of the Yukon police, who were landed at Vancouver. A mine shot and killed Charles Ekman at Dawson on September 12.

PENN YAN BANK CLOSES.

Business Failures Involving the Institution Said to Be the Cause.

Rochester, Sept. 18.—The First National Bank of Penn Yan was not opened for business this morning, but instead, this notice was posted in a front window:

"Bank closed, pending the arrival of an ex-aminer."

The causes which led up to the suspension are numerous. The bank was heavily involved in the Porter-Kimber-Randall failure of seven years ago, and the more recent failures of Russell & Birckhead and Russell & Son. The capital stock of the bank was \$200,000. The deposits in the bank on December 1, 1898, were \$241,845.03.

FEUD MAKES INCENDIARIES.

Burning of Dwellings Ascribed to Hatred Between Neighbors.

Centerville, Ia., Sept. 18.—While J. M. Wales and his wife were away from home, their home and its contents were destroyed by fire.

It is supposed to be another result of the Wales-Walsh feud. The trouble began less than three years ago and since then two of the Wales residences and barns have been burned. There have been a number of hand-to-hand fights, and three shootings. Other neighbors are beginning to take sides and a reign of terror prevails in that neighborhood.

VILLAGE NEARLY WIPED OUT.

Entire Business Section of Farnham in Ashes, the Loss Being \$200,000.

Farnham, N. Y., Sept. 18.—Almost the entire business section of this village was wiped out by a fire which started in Louis Schermer's barn about after 3 o'clock this morning. A conservative estimate places the loss at \$200,000.

There is no fire fighting apparatus in the village. A bucket brigade was organized, but was unable to cope with the flames.

Secretary Gage Off for Arizona.

Washington, Sept. 18.—Secretary and Mrs. Gage left Washington today for Arizona by way of Chicago. While in Arizona the Secretary will make a trip through the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. They will return in time to meet the President and party in Chicago on October 9.

Hurt by a Swinging Wire.

William C. Williams, of No. 508 Broadway, Williamsburg, a bookkeeper, twenty-two years of age, was struck on the spine by a block of metal at the loose end of a span-wire of a trolley equipment, while riding in an East New York car on Broadway, late on Sunday night. The injury is so serious that it is feared he will die.

Saved Cobb from Potters Field.

Without mourners the body of Arthur E. Cobb, who killed himself for the love of Mrs. Bertha Meadison, on Thursday last, was buried in Union Cemetery at five yesterday. It had not been for the generosity of riding teachers at Dunham's Academy, who purchased an oak coffin and grave, Cobb would have been buried in Potters Field.

BRILLIANT YOUNG MAN DISAPPEARS.



Emanuel Kaufman, Who Is Lost.

EMANUEL KAUFMAN, of Atlanta, Ga., nineteen years old, the son of David Kaufman, of Atlanta, disappeared from the Marlborough Hotel September 11, and no trace of him has been discovered by his anxious relatives.

The young man is five feet ten inches in height, weighs about 125 pounds, is slender, has dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion and small, regular features. He has large feet and hands and walks with a slight stoop.

When he left the hotel he wore a light plaid suit, a fedora hat, tan shoes, a standing collar, a colored shirt, and carried in his hands a dress suit case containing a black chevron suit.

Young Kaufman had exemplary habits. He neither smoked nor drank. He had always been studious, and was better read than most boys of his age. His friends were predicting that the youth would make his mark in the world, when a great misfortune befell him.

He was climbing down stairs in his father's hat factory in Atlanta Kaufman fell and sustained slight fractures of the skull at the

base of the brain.

After he had recovered from the immediate pain of the accident he began to suffer severe attacks of melancholy, which at times grew so acute as to unbalance his mind temporarily.

Physicians in Atlanta were consulted, but his condition did not improve. His father, who has an office at No. 109 Mercer street in this city, brought his son to New York that he might be examined by medical experts. September 11 Emanuel accompanied his father to his office. He remained there a short time and went into the street. This was the last seen of him by any of his friends. He was traced to Bar Rockaway, where he visited relatives, and back to New York.

The only other trace of him was found at the Weehawken ferry, Forty-second street. There Emanuel left a memorandum book of his father's, giving vague instructions that it be sent to the Marlborough Hotel.

Rumored was the apple of his father's eye. Max Kaufman has been in great distress, concerning his son's continued absence. He believes, of course, that Emanuel wandered away in a spell of aberration.

The police have been called in and hundreds of circulars offering a reward have been sent over the country. The missing young man's relatives are stopping at the Marlborough Hotel.

HEALTH MICROSCOPE ON MANHATTAN "I" LINES.

President Murphy Sends Out Inspectors to Search for Defects to Insure Safety of the Dewey Crowd.

Nine inspectors were assigned yesterday by President Murphy, of the Health Department, to visit the ninety odd stations of the elevated roads in Manhattan and the Bronx. President Murphy says this is in anticipation of the immense crowds that will have to use the lines during the Dewey celebration, and he wants to assure all visitors to the city that they will be quite as safe here as at home.

The cars will be inspected, as will the road structure, and if any flaw is discovered President Murphy says he will instantly stop the train until the defect is removed. He will have an inspector at every elevated station during the celebration.

DEWEY WILL DINE WITH M'KINLEY ON OCT. 3.

Only Fifty Invitations Will Be Issued to Army and Navy Officials.

Washington, Sept. 18.—Arrangements have been partly completed at the White House for the dinner which President McKinley will give in Admiral Dewey's honor. It will be held on the evening of October 3 at 8 o'clock, in the State dining room.

The number of guests will be limited to fifty, and will consist of prominent officers of the navy and army and high officials of the Government. A few invitations already have gone out. They are not specially engraved, and simply extend the President's invitation to attend. No members of the diplomatic corps will be present.

DEWEY'S CHINESE MAY LAND.

Men on the Olympia Will Get a Chance to See New York.

Washington, Sept. 18.—Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Spaulding has issued an order allowing the three unlisted Chinamen aboard the Olympia to land in New York.

WIFE KILLER TO ANSWER.

But the Newark Police Think Brimhall Shot Her Accidentally.

The Newark police have concluded to arrest Eugene H. Brimhall, who accidentally shot and killed his wife at their home in that city a few days ago. To-day Police Captain Daly will prepare a charge of manslaughter against Brimhall.

The police have no suspicion that the shooting of Mrs. Brimhall was not purely accidental, but owing to declarations made by John H. Paulding, father of the dead woman, that the couple had not lived happily together, it was decided to have the Grand Jury make an investigation.

News Boiled Down.

The Suffolk County Fair was opened at Riverhead, L. I., yesterday. Governor Roosevelt is expected to speak to-day.

At Torrington, last evening, Sepastiano Plasmone, an Italian, fifty years old, tried to murder Mrs. Marie Ross and her child. He fired four shots before he was disarmed.

The ceremony of clearing off the debt of the Church of Our Lady of Loretto, Hempstead, was witnessed by hundreds, yesterday. Bishop McDonnell was present.

The body which was washed ashore at Dead Man's Cove, Port Washington, S. I., was identified yesterday by Peter F. Sheridan, of this city, as that of his brother.

Business Notices.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures colic, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Special Notices.

ASK YOUR HAIRDRESSER FOR THE E. & W. SHIRT.

NO RICE THROWING, SAYS DR. GILLEN.

Paterson Pastor Objects to "Vulgar Marriage Customs."

NO MORE OLD SHOES.

Ancient Pagan Practices De-nounced in the Pulpit as Irreverent.

Persons contemplating matrimony will be interested to learn that an anti-rite ordinance has been promulgated by the Rev. Charles P. Gillen, pastor of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, Paterson, N. J., and that he stands ready to call upon the police for help in abolishing the old pagan practice.

Not because the throwing of rice and old shoes was a pagan invention is Father Gillen so opposed to it, but because such frivolous antics at a church in connection with the sacrament of marriage strike him as being highly irreverent, if not sacrilegious. So sincere is he in taking this position that on Sunday, much to the surprise of his parishioners, he discoursed on the subject from the pulpit.

"Such scenes as have been witnessed at some weddings here," he said, "are nothing less than a scandal to the church. If it were not for the antiquity of this silly custom of throwing rice and old shoes after a newly wedded pair, it would be incomprehensible that members of any church should mar one of the most solemn and beautiful occasions of life by an exhibition of stupid and vulgar and irreverent horseplay."

"But antiquity shall be no excuse for the practice hereafter in this church. I wish it to be understood that at future weddings here these repugnant proceedings will not be allowed. This warning ought to be given to all offenders, but I fear that some of them are so wedded to their buffoonery that nothing less than a demonstration of this authority will suffice to restrain them. Therefore let it be known that persons who come to this church to be married shall have the protection of the pulpit, if necessary, from their misguided friends. Officers of the law will be in attendance at any request to preserve order on such occasions."

Father Gillen's uncompromising announcement was received with approval by the elderly members of his flock, and sensitive persons who are looking forward to being married are widely praising the priest for his attitude. The younger generation, on the other hand, shows a disposition to murmur at the curtailment of an immemorial privilege.

Resolved on Matricide.

Morris Hardy, twenty-three years of age, was sentenced to the Kings County Penitentiary for three months yesterday in the Even Street Police Court, Williamsburg, for having choked his mother, Mrs. Kate Hardy, of No. 27 Frost street, and threatened to kill her.

Hardy declared that he was willing to go to the electric chair for her murder. Magistrate Worth gave him a severe lecture before sentencing him.

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ACTS GENTLY ON THE

KIDNEYS, LIVER

AND BOWELS

CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM

DISPELS EFFECTUALLY

OF COLDS, HEADACHES,

OVERCOMES & FEVERS

HABITUAL CONSTIPATION

PERMANENTLY

ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.

BUY THE GENUINE—MAN'D BY

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

WE MAKE

MEAT,

Marital Strength,

Vitality, Manhood,

Two to Ten Days.

Losses and drains cease at once. Effects of

Yours (Prostate, Gonorrhea, Leucorrhea, Venereal

and all Diseases and Weaknesses of Men

or Women, from whatever cause, permanently and

positively cured.

No C. O. D. Send no money. Write to us

and we will send you a bottle of our

medicine, and we will send you a bottle of our

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